Crossover

by Jerim

Summary: They have been taken for a reason, ripped out of their
worlds and put together for a suicide mission none of them can face
alone. Good or bad, if they can't work together, none of them will
make it home alive. (9multiple crossover mash-up featuring characters
from halo, mass effect, portal, skyrim, half-life, star-wars,
assassin's creed))

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The man sat against the worn fabric, dark suit rubbing against the
faded red. The train rattled, his jaw crunched down on the cigarette
with a hiss. Eyes dark as coals surveyed the traveler sitting across
from him with an idle weariness. "You're€¦.not supposed€¦to be
here. "

The traveler jerked his head up, as if awakening from a nightmare.
Deep brown eyes opened as consciousness tore all memories away and
replaced them with an empty sadness. "Wh-what?"

"How...curious," the man adjusted his tie. "I have appeared
to€¦have, made a mistake€¦."

His fingers scraped against the seat as he pulled himself up, wincing
against the battered armor that chafed at his skin. Once white plates
were now charred in grime and blood. Confusion laced his features as
he looked down at the gaping hole in his chest piece. Fatal shot, yet
his tanned skin was pristinely smooth beneath it.

"I€¦don't understand."

"Nor will€¦you ever€¦"the man croaked in reply, tongue clicking
over his estranged speech pattern. Checking to see if his suitcase
was secure, he stood up. The train rocked again, yet the man stood
motionless against it.

With a groan, the walls seemed to close in slightly. The traveler

startled to his feet, heaving boots clanking on the metal floor. "Who are you? What happened to me?!" He pleaded.

"I'm afraid…it is time…to return…you back…to the nothing, "the man ignored his questions, instead choosing to reach into his coat to pull something out.

Time was ticking, and the traveler had a choice. He struggled to combat the rising panic threatening to burst from his chest. He was drowning in a sea of unknowns, and he still didn't know if this was real or not.

Finally, his instincts kicked in. His fingers twitched towards his blaster, but it wasn't there. The floor suddenly dipped, the blackness behind the windows suddenly seeming to seep in. He made his choice, however wrong it was, and chose to run for cover.

His heart pounded in his chest as he darted for the door. Something moved behind in, some invisible force clawing at his back.

"It is fu-tile..to…ru-un," the man chimed, taking a raspy breath.

It was like time slowed for an instant, his souls threatening to slip from his bottom, but then he hit the door. It slid open, his momentum propelling him into the body behind it. His face smashed against thick green armor, sending him stumbling back.

Someone caught his arm. He looked up in surprise at the golden visor staring down at him. "Another contact," the behemoth stated emotionlessly. A rifle was in his other hand, trained at the train car in front of him.

The traveler looked behind him. The man was gone, but that didn't make him feel any better. He was pretty sure he was dreaming. Or in a coma. The strangest thing was he couldn't remember how he got there in the first place.

"Check the room," the green armored warrior commanded, and a lithe woman stepped out behind him. Clad in a white tank top and baggy orange pants, she jogged into the room, eyes darting left and right as she gripped and strange orbular gun in her hands. Turning around, she gave a thumbs up, smiling slightly.

"What…" he asked quietly. "What is this?"

The green warrior let go of him, a female voice emanating from his helmet. "Don't worry, kid. I'll explain later. Right now just follow the Chief."

"What are you doing?" His brain was quickly getting frazzled.

The golden visor once against affixed him in a sightless gaze. "Cortana, give him the short version."

"Alright, in short: you're dead, and we're escaping."

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><p><strong>Hello, Jerim here for a more serious fic. I thought it

would be fun to do a massive crossover of random characters, but too bad I write like crap. Sorry for wasting your time, just a little idea I had that doesn't make sense. I would love to hear if I should continue this, though. This crossover is going to be a big mash-up of characters from halo, skyrim, mass effect, portal, star wars, assassins creed, and half-life. Again, I would love to hear your opinioninput. **

End
file.